

ora Russell frequently made "hermits". Her recipe is given on p. 1560. Hermits are mentioned on p. 241 of Mackinlay Kantor's Civil War novel entitled Andersonville (copyright 1955). Page 241 of that novel is shown below.

oners, but some among new ones until they became prison-wise.

You began to find slabs of uneaten corn pone among personal effects of the dead. Soon you began to see chunks of the stuff lying outside doors of shebangs—unwanted, cast aside. Wood was a treasure compared to bread, for you could cook other things over wood if you could secure other things to cook. The character of the morass along Stockade Creek changed in color; it was no longer composed solely of feces and organic slime; there was now a brownish yellowish crust, a flotsam of corn bread in every stage of spongy decay. Great metallic flies, frightening in burnished brassy armor, whirled above with a humming louder than bees. Some few prisoners might have had bowels of iron: they ate the stuff stoically, it did not rake their insides, the blood did not appear.

In revulsion from this stony ration, Eben Dolliver considered meat. Adjusted to the protraction of his starving, he did not beguile himself with discussion of Moon Hotel dinners and the like—with thoughts of his mother's marble cake, fresh baked hermits, apple salad. Meat appeared as a medicine in his ideal, meat might have been bottled or put into pills, it might have rested in huge ornamented jars, well stoppered, on the shelves of some apothecary. Ebe tried to count the varieties of meat he had known, and sometimes in the middle of the night he thought of a new variety to add to his list. He tried to make up a hundred sorts of flesh which he had eaten in his young life, and was well on his way toward that goal. At first he said only pork, beef, lamb and the like, but soon recognized how different they were. Bacon was quite another thing from sausage, ham hocks were not to be confused with pork chops. Yet all came from the same beast. Eben argued with himself in detached philosophy on the subject, and at last yielded to his own importuning. Every variety of pork should be counted, and so with other products of other beasts. A catfish was not like a bass, nor was a wild goose like a tame chicken.

(Strangely he had never objected to killing chickens, and had killed many at his mother's behest. He did not think of poultry as being birds: they were filthy and cannibalistic in their habits, they did not sing a dainty song, they did not enliven the hazel brush with miraculous flashes of blue and rose. They were wedded to the dirty ground where they fed, and he loathed their squawking; he was willing to kill them, for they were not a free wild glory which lifted him.)

The Moon Hotel mess clustered still in brotherhood, they tried to keep to their rules. Their effort at bathing was become a sorry thing. Hull of Michigan and Mendenhall of Pennsylvania were gone into scurvy: the linings of their mouths puffed and spotted, cords hurting in their legs. Still they made an attempt to speak cheerfully, to join in weak choruses. Everyone had heard the stories and anecdotes of

← Hermits